

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophesies;
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare;
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Mordaunt*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together.

The *Prince of Wales*; Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*;
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Corriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt nor, my Lord, he shalbe well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs;
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sonne begins to peere,
Above yon buskie hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to thole that winne.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes;

As now we meete. You haue deceiued our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old vneasie lims in vngentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not wel.
What say you to it? wil you againe vnkne
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine this lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

Falst. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It please your Maiesty to turne your lookes
Of fauour from my selfe and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord;
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldiy did out-date
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at *Dancaster*,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaster*:
To this, we sweare our ayde: but in short space
It rained downe, Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

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